

IT IS A MATTER OF LOVE



Love Prose Poems
Anwer Ghani

It Is a Matter of Lover

Poems and Arts

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2020

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Preface

These are selected prose poems on love written in 2020.
Anwer

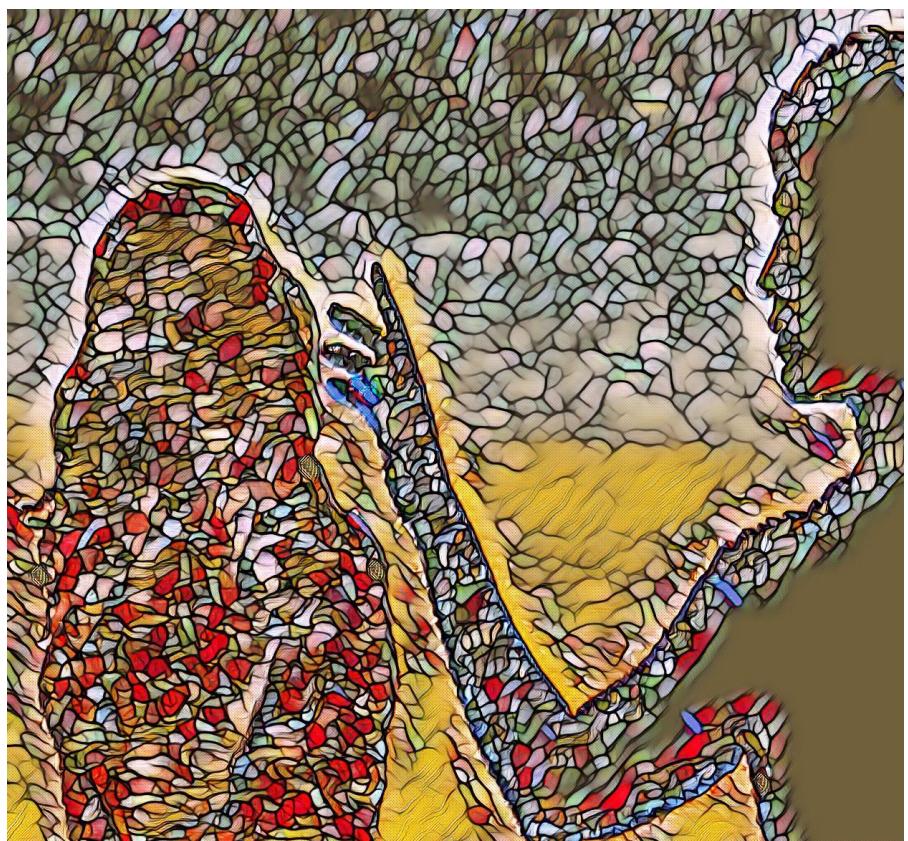
It Is a Matter of Love

Isn't it nice to live in a time that fills you with love? So, I became more transparent and smiled. Don't you feel that many of those stars have come together? There is little left to shine love. Yes, I know, and I know it is a matter of love, and it told me about the deep gaze. So, extend your hand to shake hands with the depths and overcome the strange absence. Yes, I will and we will celebrate. Imagine if I were sitting on the hill and not talking to you, what would be the fate of love? Yes, the fate of love; It is a matter of love.



Please Touch Me

Please touch me but please touch me smoothly because I am a flower shattering in your heart like a story of wind. Please touch me, but please touch me carefully because I am a faded shadow that has disappeared in your eyes as a shy dream. Please touch me, but please touch me on a very quiet night because I am a breeze song coming from a remote land. A cool tale I'm waiting for a warm touch, and a cold heart I am waiting for an absent touch. Flowers are sad without touching and nights are cool without touching. Please touch me so the moon wears its bright light and the sun spreads a golden braid. Please touch me because the hearts like to touch and the flowers like to touch. Here, I stand waiting for your touch with a red rose in my hands.



Λ

When We Pick Fruits

Here is our little lake where bird sounds. Here is our green boat, where our dreams chant their songs and our happy moments bloom; when we pick fruits. Its warm wood pleases my heart, and draws a butterfly looking at your face. I feel it here in my heart. When you touch my cheeks by your hands, and when you draw my wet name traveling on your lips, at that moment you may remember our fruits. Our boat has two hearts that I will end up in love with. It amazes me as I pick the dew memory. Among the silent twigs, between wet leaves and faint shade, we pick the fruits we have always waited for. When we pick fruits, the celebration of our hearts begins.



Love In Summer IS More Beautiful

My father is not a legendary lover but he knew love very well, and one day he said that love in summer is more beautiful. Actually, my father was a farmer but he knew love well and on a summer day he looked at the twilight and said that love in summer is more beautiful. At that time, I was a child and I didn't know love well but I thought that love in summer is more beautiful. Now I am a southern farmer and the fields have taught me that summer is the season of love. I am from here from the south; the land of love and the land of summer, where trees are pictures of love, rivers are a stream of love and women are pieces of love. I am from here, from the south where the love in summer is more beautiful.



Our Flowers

Our flowers are mirrors of our souls and their smiles are chants of love. The night flowers are just morning echoes, and their gazes are hidden wishes. Our flowers will be warm if the sky of our hearts is free from clouds, and they will faint if our feelings are pale. They can be laugh or tear, and they cannot open their eyes under a blurry sky. Our flowers are hot, if they burned your cheek in the morning, imagine how wonderful their touches will be at night. They are very strange but they are always warm, and they can draw a memory inside you that cannot be removed. Our flowers are an endless hug and endless kiss.



Touches OF Sunsets

At sunset, your perfume fills the place with soft eyelids, between the sparkling mirrors, uh for the hat and the embossed clothing. Perhaps you live all this glory, because you walk in a galaxy of eyelids, or because your dreams come from very green forests. Here, I see you pursue the passion of a whisper, because you came from the touches of sunset. When the sun goes down, I see you come out with all the colors of this joy as a strange shadow crosses all possible seas. How I wish I had touches of sunset.



Every Year I Love You More

I asked every rose in our garden and every tree near our house to tell you frankly: Every year I love you more. Today, in this charming morning I spoke seriously with the sun, and we decided to tell you one fact: Every year I love you more. It is the last night of December and what I really remember are our moments where I love you more. Now, on this night, specifically in this intimate winter moment, I listen well to you and how Every year I love you more. When I sit next to you, I love you more, and when I talk to you, I love you more. In fact, every moment I love you more, and every year I love you more.



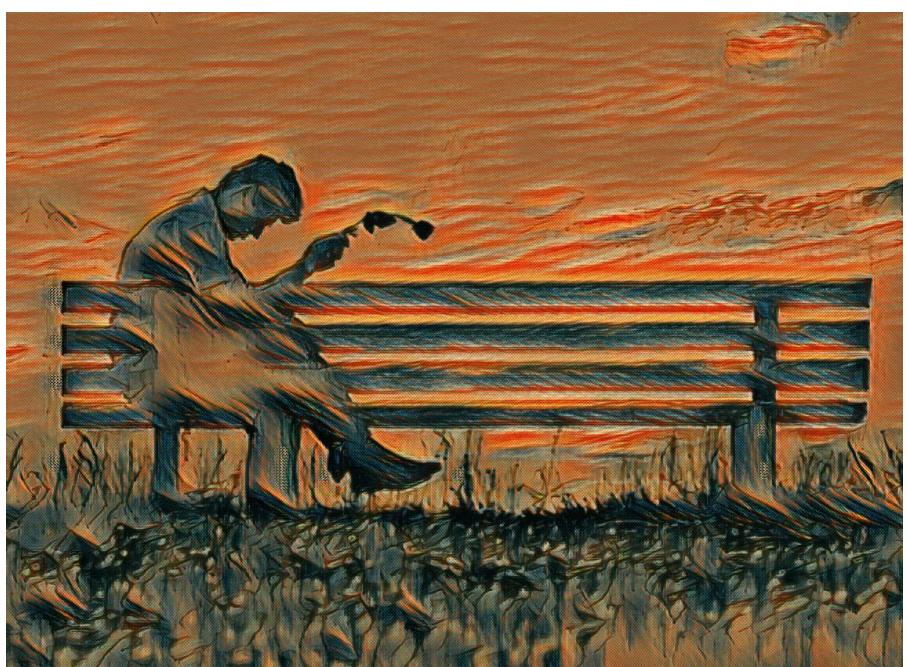
Distance

Yes, distance is an illusion, because hearts have their secret ways, but what can I do if I cannot see your beautiful face? Dear faraway love, send your soul, let your breeze touch my depth and let your ethereal fingers play with my dry lips. My words came out of my heart but what can I do if I don't hear your beautiful voice or I see your very attractive eyes. These distances kill me, so I can't sing smoothly and can't swim in our lake like a goose. I can't sleep and dream on these cold nights. Yes, my distant love, very cold nights and very dry roses. You are the stream of sweetness and songs, but unfortunately, I cannot taste your sweet smiles or hear your songs.



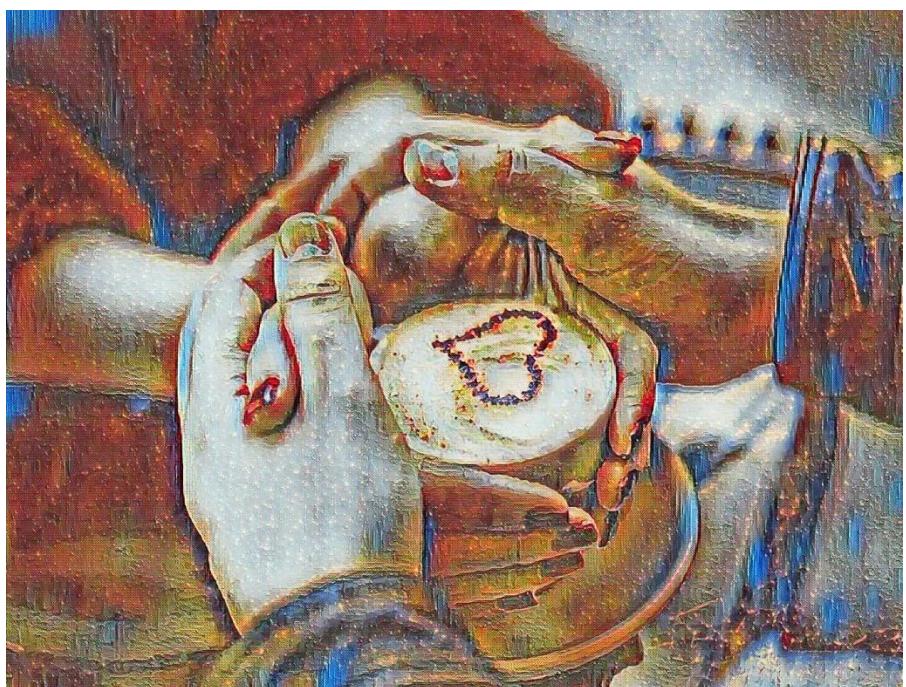
I Am Always here Waiting for You

I am always here waiting for your love. What will happen if you smile? Yes, what will happen if you whisper in my ears a tempting word. What would happen if you sat between the fire of my longing, because I was bored of your cold presence and absence. Oh, the absentee, please shine, let me see your fire, let me know that even for just a moment. Here is a chair and a story, please sit with me and share my hungry moment, my lost moment and my absent moment. Please do something, I am not a wind nor a shadow, I am a nice eye and a soft hand. I stand here, under this long and old tree, waiting for you to come, standing here like a trembling bird, alone waiting for your smile. I am sitting here at every dawn waiting for your coming. I am always here waiting for your love.



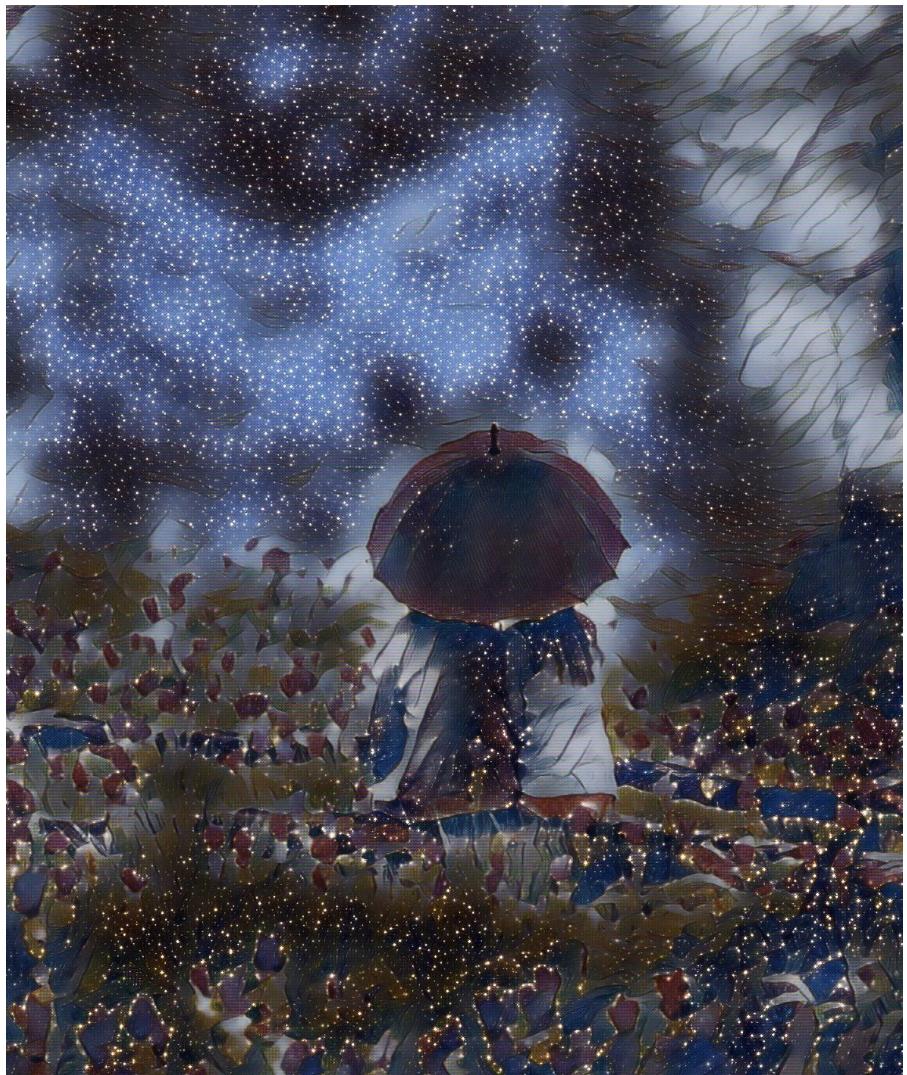
Thank You for Being with Me

Thank you very much for being here with me. Thank you very much for sharing me my sadness and happiness, my pain and pleasure. Thank you very much for being beside me; talking to me and hearing me. Thank you very much for your smiles, your laughs and your glances. Thank you very much for your touches, for your whispers, and for your hugs. Thank you very much for being in my life, thank you for being with me, and thank you for being here. Thank you very much for your warm love, for your deep love and for your true love. Thank you very much for being standing with my in front the wind, for holding my hand under the rain and for wrapping my body in the cold night.



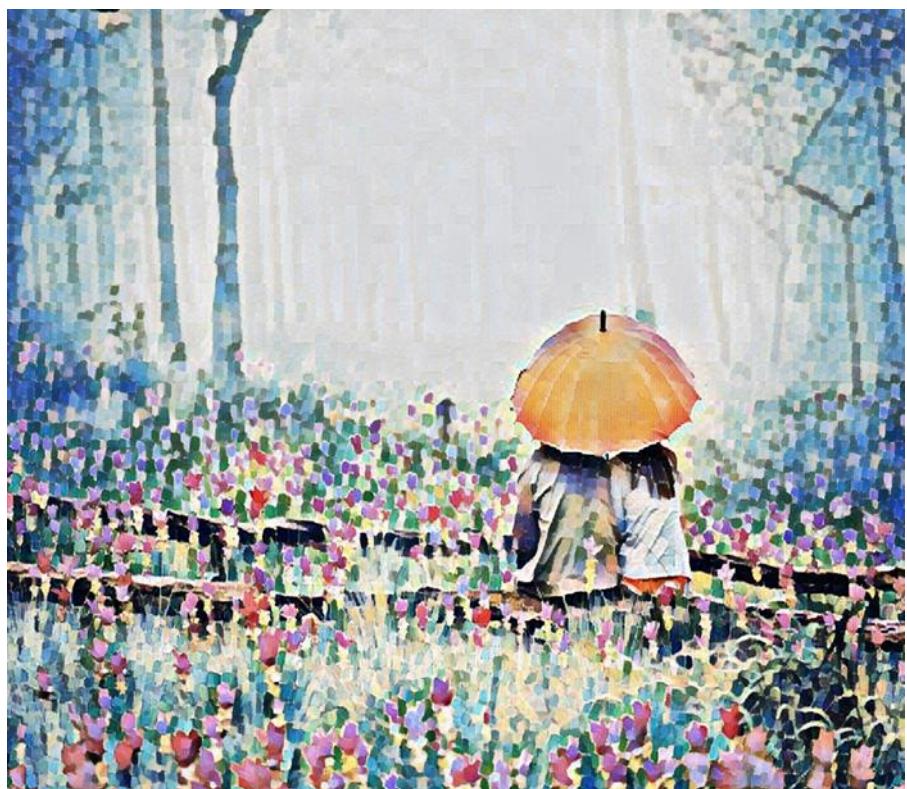
The Rainy Love

It is not just a rainy night; it is my life which was always wearing its hat and play a full love in my rainy dawn. Yes, this is my chest, pare and surrendering, please plant on it your very red and killer flowers, your very hard and wide leaves which has no place for a faint feeling. I am here, in the midst of this clamor, full of you and your rainy love. Yes, I am happy with your angry love, your drowning love, and your strange love. Yes, I am very impressed by your rainy love.



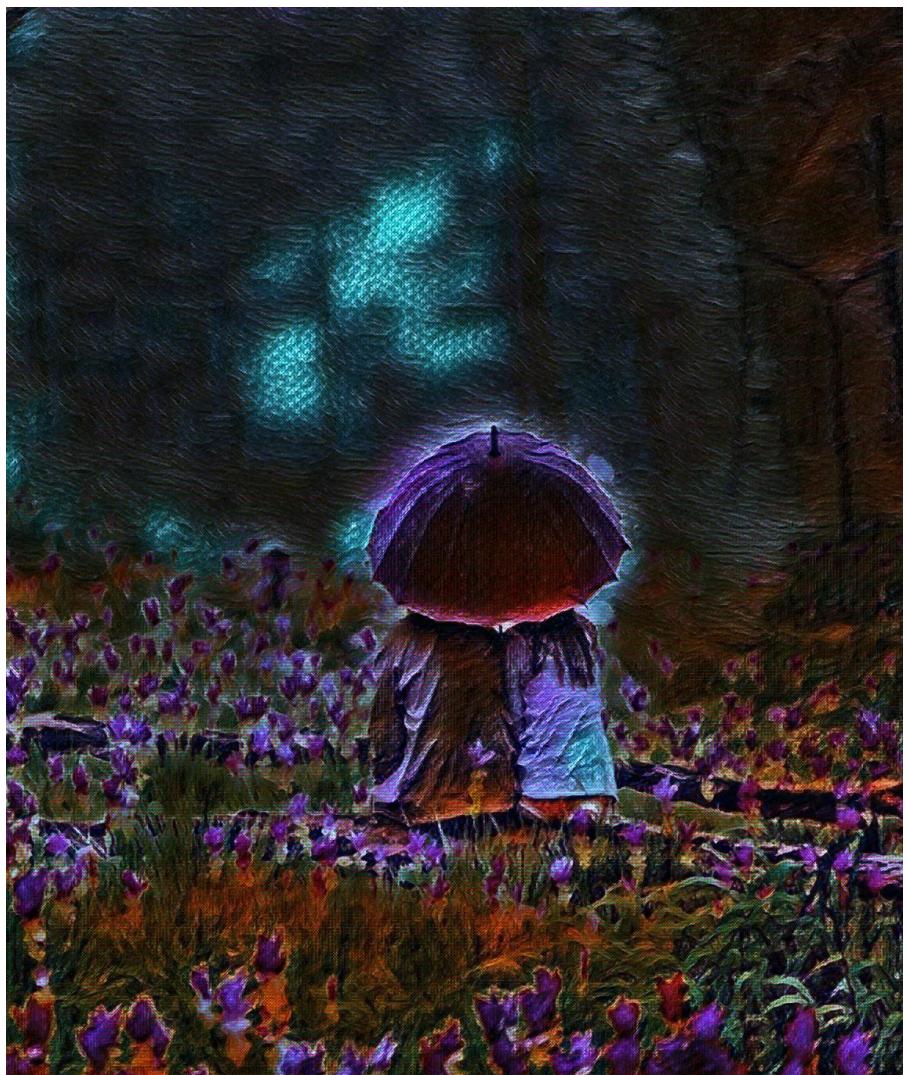
Our Love Story

Our love story is so charming that it is carried by roses, birds and clouds. Our love story is warm and delicious, like a rose in the morning and a doe in the field. The cloud told our tree to whisper in the ear of our window that it heard our love story. Even the springs were fascinated by our love story, which began to tell about our love in a captivating moment, when all the stories of the glory of our love were gathered. Today early in the morning, our bright birds told the roads and neighbors about our love story. I am so happy because everyone loves and narrates our love story.



A Dewy Love

I am very soft and moist, like a sweet, rosy orange. And so, I will always be wet and sweet. Thus, I will be present at the glory of a sunset, where love is naked without a curtain to hide its wet shame. So, I decided to be a soft shade and not a cold rocky tale on this exciting day. Yes, you cannot see me because I have been dew, but look at your hands that they are very moisturized because they come in contact with my moist skin. I am no longer a magical bird that shines in amazing tales. I am now a fine paper or a sweet apple in the hot summer evenings. In this exciting way, I embrace the whispers of longing, so that I do not freeze and fill my lungs with unforgettable dewy love.



A Love Poem

I will write strongly about love, because I am an acronym for love that only new sailors know. They are looking for me, but how will they see me and melt in my longing? Since I faded away in the river of nostalgia, all I find is that every day I drop in a strange valley that knows nothing of pink stories. My letters are not read, and my years cannot be imagined, it is just a memory of lighting, everything looks like a lost wheel, and I am that strange tree standing there and looking forward to the road until you come in the form of a cloud. I smile at the warm of longing, I smile because I am waiting for you, I smile because I love you.

Love me, it is Friday

Love me, it is Friday, your love on Friday is more wonderful. Hold my hand and let us fly in this space, and let us smile strongly. It is Friday, and your smile on Friday is more beautiful. Let your soul be a colorful flower, it is a feast day, and let your words be the carpet of the wind that transmits time and space into a fascinating world. Love me with all your strength because it is Friday and I love to see you love me with all strength. Friday is a different day, so let your love be different, your smile be different and your touch be different. It is Friday; a very special day, so make our moments so special, make our love so special and make our kisses so special.

When Our Hearts Meet

I will stand on the pink bridge waiting your heart to touch my heart, so I can fly. Our hearts' meeting is the true world where we touch our real faces, our real bodies and see our real. When our hearts meet, the moments are more intense; the hands are warmer, the eyes are more colorful and the feelings are sharper. I am sure that you hear my heart's signs because you feel my delicious breeze. I am sure that you see my hidden smile because your heat meets my heart in a true moment.

The False Love

The sound of false tenderness and false whispering are empty echoes. All this falsehood has no life or face. I now know true feelings. The evening told me about the secrets and lies that false love holds. I have experienced the desire to trick and go into a heart wound without pain. When the sound of love is lying and when the love becomes a wild fish with smooth wings, do you think the moon will smile? I am neither a moon nor a smile. I'm just waiting and longing, but you're just a fake love.

Fairy Feather

I'm sure you know all about fairies even what they wear in the morning. From their windows, they wave with their silver fingers, and unwrap their colorful looks with pleasure. The fairies are not like me, they are always happy, and they always strive to get cold water, but I am a very hot corner on a fiery hill deep in the seventh earth. I will try to ask them to discover my bad magic to end this escape in my life. By the way I will ask them to give me a little fairy feather to light up my dark days.

Your Ornate Dress

Your ornate dress is a smiling rose, like an Indian wedding night filled with bright colors. I hope you have seen the groom's ornate carriage, and his horse covered in color. The bright lights there are shining like summer flowers drawn by a dreamy girl collecting baskets of diamonds of love and carrying them on the back of a small horse and spreading them like lightning towards the eyes of girls and lovers. She sends pieces of decorations every morning towards the depths of the earth, so that the rivers are filled with glossy ornate love. The human eye may not see it, but his heart feels it strongly because it is from your embellished dress the secret of its beginnings.

A Little Smile

I will drown in yearning. I will wait for that train where I met sleepy eyelids, so from there, my story started. Yes, I am a very little smile, a very little love with wet lips can't count the kisses. You cannot see me; you cannot hear me because I am just a little smile in your heart and I love that I am just a little smile.

Everything Sings

Everything sings; everything wants. Yes, my friend, it's a celebration. Thus, I faded with love like a peasant chant grows among the wheat; My bag is colorless but overflowing with stories I cannot tell you. This is how I am love to bow, I only have two knees with which I touch the face of the earth; I only have thorns swallowing my joints, so I bend over my cruel dream as a cold milk seller in the winter mornings. This is how I learned something; when longing becomes a dull sail, and when butterflies desert their young fields, then you should know that you are looking at a wedding night overflowing with drought. Yes, you see what I see; yes, it is a celebration, it is complete desire. Yes, you see what I see; everything sings; everything wants.

Our Small Fireplace

Near our small fireplace, I feel I love you more, and when my hand touches its warmness, I feel that my blood is more purplish. Our nights are more lovely near our warm fireplace, and our moments are more efficacious at its orange flame. When I call you, my voice becomes velvetier near our small fireplace, and when you look at me, your glance becomes pinker at our warm fireplace. We are from the south, and we live in a small house but a passionate one with an old fireplace but a warm fireplace. Everything has a different meaning near our fireplace; I can feel your reviving perfume fills the place near our small fireplace, I can touch your smile near our small fireplace and I can see the melody jumping of my heart near our small fireplace. Sometimes when I am at our small home, in our small room and near our small fireplace, I realize that life is just a warm moment near an old fireplace in a small warm home.

You Are All the Pleasure

I am lost in you; this is the fact, and you do all this magic because you are all the pleasure. Please, touch me; let me know; that I am a nice waiting tale; let me know my days and their beautiful moments. Yes, without your smiles I have no days, and without your touches, I have no moments. Please, take me; teach me the life; teach me the killer redness. Your fingers are the beginning and the end; your fingers are the amazement and, in their absence,, there is no any story. Yes, I am lost in you, and glad for that lost because you are all the pleasure. I want you to know one fact; that I am always in thankfulness for you, in astonishment in front of you, and in pleasure with you. And there is another fact; that you are enough to me, because you are all the deep pleasure. And there is a third fact; that you are my reality and my dream and without you, I am with no reality, with no dream because you are all the pleasure.

Soft Touches

Do you see all these amazing colors in the beautiful sky? They are just unique smiles of our love. There, I saw my soul delighted near a bank of a colored river on its head a very green hat, above which was a loving nest. Yes, our love is a green treasure, I have seen it before the sunrise and before the wedding of the trees, so all our affectionate glances are Valentine's moments. From our timid whispers, the birds learned their songs and from our soft touches, the sunsets took their silk clothes. And from our secrets — which I am not told — the evenings have learned every intimate and warm story.

I Will Melt in Love

Yes, I will melt in love with you like the holidays in my country, without delay or postponed words, because love does not know faded songs or fake looks. It must be a beginning, a rebirth and a sound that refreshes sunken souls, separates the marble heart and strikes the rock until the unforgettable hope lights up.

An Unusual Kiss

Our days are full of surprise, as all the happy springs are overflowing from their amazing fingers. I am not water, and I cannot sleep in the hearts of these springs, but the freemen made houses of love for birds that know nothing but the morning songs. They are smooth creatures, and there is only light in their hearts so they are always shining and from their journeys, the beginnings have begun. Their hands are silver and you can see their golden chants lying safely on our land where the lovebirds stand under our smiling trees and give me an unusual kiss.

The Eyes of Lovers

Here are soft hands, just like cream, and this is not because of smooth skin, but rather their big hearts. They gladly engage in our deep sense as the old nobles, and with their smile bring every possible pleasure. From these colorful waterfalls, intimacy takes on its beautiful dress, and the breeze learns its passion. You can find the same kindness in coffee perfumes, in forest birds, and in garden flowers, but it's totally different when you see the glory of kindness in the eyes of lovers.

I love RAIN

I love rain because it is a portrayal of love. Its face is wet, but warm and its hand is shivery but kind. It comes at morning as a big smile with strange passion and at evening, it comes like an old tale hugs the small leaves. When we get lost in the rainy moments, we find a breeze embracing our bare souls. I can't imagine how it will be miserable, if I can't see rain drops' dancing.

I will smile

I will smile this morning, because its sun reminds me of your brightness, its birds remind me of your greeting and its flowers remind me of your smile which plants in me every beautiful hope. I will smile this morning strongly, as if I see it for the first time, and as if I will live it forever, because it reminds me of your glances, your tales and your whispers. Do you feel this breeze? It reminds me of you. Do you see those orange autumn leaves? they remind me of you. Do you see these dreams which have been hung on the wall of our home? they remind me of you.

Please hold my hand

Please hold my hand, hold it tightly, I want to feel something warm, I am tired of coldness in this world. Imagine me a bird and catch me strongly, imagine me a flower and catch me strongly or imagine me what you want but what is important is to hold my hand strongly, I really need your warm hand to feel that I am still alive and not frozen. Please hold my hand warmly, hold it deeply; hold it lovingly. I am a cold shadow thirst for warmth, depth and love. I am an absent tale on a lost paper need warm fingers to find their lines. Please hold my hand to celebrate and light a candle in my cold nights.

You Are More Beautiful

When you break my loneliness with your crazy clamor, life has another taste. When you sink my body with your dewy fields and wet grapes then the moments become more magical. You do not know how beautiful the evening is with you, you do not know how desolate nature is without your sweet voice and you do not know how cold the city is without your lovely warmth. I love nature and I know that there is magic, but these winter streets and these low lights, make your face brighter, and these high-rise glass buildings and the bridge over which we sang, I imagine if there was no bridge here, how would we recite our poems? Look at the big hours, the big squares and the big markets, they are charming but they are without you becoming dim. Luxury restaurants, luxury hotels and luxury jets leave unforgettable

memories. Do you remember that? All of this makes life a different magic and a different taste, and you are, in the midst of all this, more beautiful than nature and the city.

God is Love

My mother said that “God is love and we are the rays of love.” She said: Love wins because of its tent and smile. Yes, we are small trees of the lovely hands and just small smiles of the beautiful mouths. We are the sons of love; our hearts are so pink and our souls are so warm. When you touch my heart, you will know the story of yearning and when you see my eyes you will find the sweet tales of magic fairies. My mother said that we are just a beautiful tales of love.

I Can't Love You

I'm so sorry, I can't love you because I'm just a pale shadow. I cannot love you because here in my chest nothing but very dry ash; very cruel and very bitter ash. Yes, you have a face like the moon and a very sweet voice, but I can't love you because there is nothing here but a sandy man with hands of a cactus. Believe me I can't love you because I can't smile at you in the morning, and I'll fail to whisper to you at night. Can you see? Nothing here except a blind shadow and a man fades in this desert; an endless desert. I'm from here, from the land of drought; the land of war, so I can't love you.

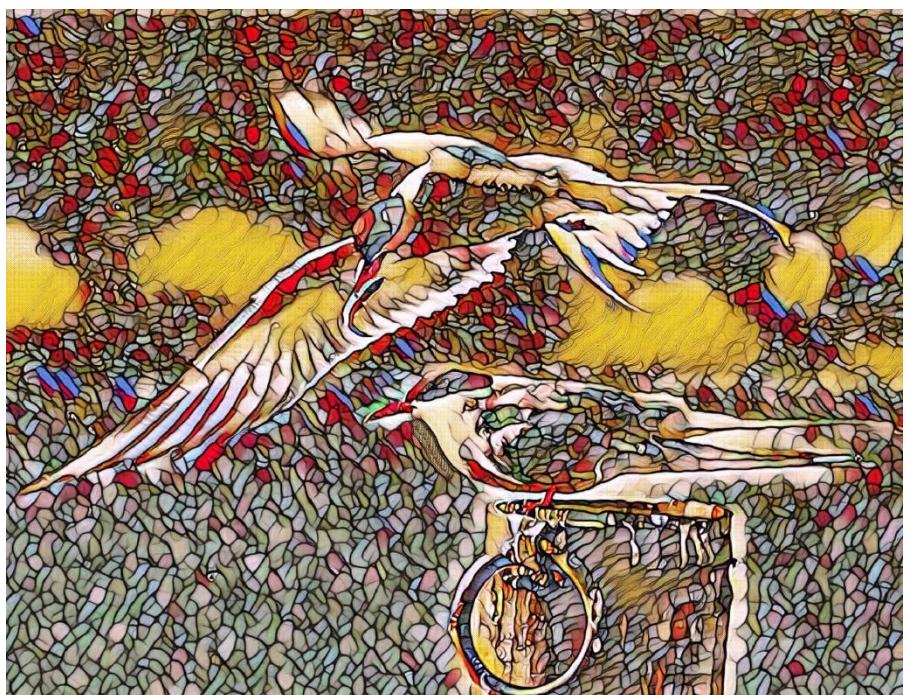
The Loving Man

He was deeply wounded but he bore the wound alone in order to cleanse others. His right was violently robbed, but he was silent in order to ease the burden on the backs of others. When he saw the mistakes of others, his heart said "I forgive. I do not hate". So, he stayed with them correcting the steps so that the ship did not be lost". He did not want to go away because he knew that the wells would be dry without his love. He is the river of patience, so when he saw the rushing to take what he had, he stayed silent despite the big wound, to teach us forgiveness. He could have been angry but he had chosen mercy, he could have hurt them but

he had chosen safety, he could have hard, but he had chosen easiness, and he could have hated but he chose to love. Because he is always loving, the light of his love is bright herewith great forgiveness and great mercy. And because he is always loving, the light of his love will be brighter there with greater forgiveness and greater mercy.

Endless Travel

I am not a shadow, to possess all that great history that the trembling hands have written and the very gray winds built its nests. Look at my eye, it's a lake full of geese, and look at my limbs, by which the loggers have warmed themselves. The sunset closed the shops of my delight, making me a mythical ghost who had left every possible desire. Here I see the nests of the birds leaving, carried by endless vehicles, endless travel. Yes, birds have hearts full of every passing story, so I am.



When I Meet You On Eid

When I meet you on Eid, your warm hands shake my hands and touch my heart like the devoted worshipers of an old mosque. When I meet you on Eid, you smile to me like a pure sky and sing the joy of a butterfly that appeared in the morning to greet the roses. When I meet you on Eid, you will kiss me deeply, so my cheeks turn red and leave an indelible pleasure in my heart. When I meet you on the Eid, I will hug you strongly, and I will teach your ribs the story of immortality as if I was seeing you for the first time after the absence of ages. When I meet you on the Eid, I will be very happy like a shy girl whose lover just told her that he will ask for her hand on Thursday.

When You Have A Family

When you go deep in your silence, there is nothing can break you but the faint sound of your days and when you read my poetry you will know that I am a farmer from the south my father has planted me with our ambergris. Yes, I am a simple farmer from the south around me a small tree, a small river and a small family. My morning is kneaded with my small daughter's smiles, my evening is colored by my big son's tales and my night is the glory of the soft hand warmness. When you have a family, at that time, you will see the secrets of twilight, the delicious taste of the backache and the very wide world of a small family in the south. Yes, I have a small family in a small house with a small window, but my eyes can see the beautiful night stars and my heart can touch the charming morning smiles. When you have a family, your smile will have pink lips and your work will wear a crown. Yes, my friend, when you have a family all the days will be valentine and all the times have meaning. Yes, when you have a family, there will be sadness and happiness, crying and laugh, pain and pleasure, but believe me this is the meaning of life.

Thank you very much for being my friend

You present a gift, and your friendship is a beautiful world. Talking to me is a happy song, listening to you is a magical dream, and your moments are a strange cause for fun. Thank you for asking about me, your question is very cool and your interest is a very valuable prize. Your smile makes my day bright and lights night gardens, and the depth of your words tells unforgettable tales. Thank you very much for being my friend and for being deep in my life. Your warm friendship is a precious treasure, and your strong presence in my life is an indescribable winning. Thank you very much, from the bottom of my heart.

I Am Just You

Please see me and come close to me. Please see me; I am the spring of the charming water. Please be close to me, I am the table of apple. No, I am not a spring nor a table; I am just a letter. Please don't stay away from me, please don't hide me; you will hide the time and a smile. No, I am not a time nor a smile; I am just a letter of love. Please like me; I am your earth and your sky. No, I am not an earth nor a sky I am just a letter of love. Please don't cut me; I am your flower and your leaf, so please don't cut me. No, I am not a flower nor a leaf I am just a letter. No, I am not a letter, I am just a voice; your voice. Please don't hate me, I am just yourself, so you will hate yourself. No, I am not yourself, I am just you.

The celebration of walnut

I am a simple farmer from the south, and when I bring walnuts to my house, I celebrate. At that time, our rooster becomes more attractive, and our chicken wears a melodic dress. The small window in our house song with joy and our cow shakes her heavy thighs. At the celebration of walnut, we make a round circle on the floor near the old fireplace and put all the nuts in the middle. Then you hear nothing but walnuts smiling with warm stories. Listen, to see the glory of walnuts, bring it on a winter night after sunset, where there is only a cool breeze and the stillness of the night. Also, you must be a simple farmer from the south, just like me, to taste its delicious stories.

The Sweet for the Sweet.

We are from the east; I mean the sweet east where the homes are fenceless and the rooms are doorless because our sweet hearts are very wide and our sweet hands are always opened. My mother says that the sweet for sweet so in our sweet south, the sweet eyes are very merciful and the sweet mouth are always smiley. We have sweet birds don't eat but sweet grains with sweet hearts don't know but sweet feelings. In the morning, I mean at our sweet morning our sweet birds weave very sweet chants and at the sunset they narrate the sweet ancestors' tales. Yes, like the west, I mean sweet west, we have ancestors, but unlike them we don't have fences or doors. In the north, the sweet hand always tries to build sweet houses over the shoulders of our destroyed houses, and the sweet national security should always be safe by the invasion of our sweet security. The west has sweet fences to protect their delicate forehead from the faint sun lights and there is no any care for our eastern burned foreheads by the incendiary sun lights. The women in the west are blond and sweet but their pink lips don't talk about the stolen dreams of our brown girls. The eyes of the boys in the west are green and sweet but they don't see the tears of the brown eyes of our boys. Because my mother said that the sweet is for the sweet, In the west they have sweet love and sweet home and they don't know anything about the sweet hatefulness of the ruined sweet homes.

The Simple Man

Be simple and you will be beautiful. Be simple and I will love you more. Believe me, be simple and everything will love you more and more. The amazing nature is simple, the awesome seas are simple and the holy sky is simple. Beauty is the simple simplicity. Life is not in the complexity; life is in the simplicity. Your sleepy eyes are more beautiful with simple eyelashes, and your smooth whispers penetrate my hearts with your simple words. Here, in my chest, a very simple heart knows nothing but spontaneity and needs nothing but simple love. When I talk, I talk simply, when I eat, I eat simply and when I love, I love simply. So, please love me with a simple love and call me by my simple name. I love you deeply when you are simple and I get crazy when your smile is simple.

Our Pink Girls

We have girls; pink girls adore life; adore it deeply. Their hearts are white hearts fill the air with enjoyment and their smile are pink smiles color the places with pleasure. The roads; our roads are black without the girls' smiles and the city; our city is empty without the girls' laugh We have girls; very dreamy girls; in their eyes, the aspirational tales wear beautiful dresses and on their shoulders, the ambitious bags are pink and shiny. . Our girls' fragrance is coming from the fairies' land, and their pink veils are coming from the shiny flowers. Yes, in Iraq we have girls; nice girls; their dreams are big and pink, and their wishes are smiling and Rosary. Our schools are proud that magic girls are sitting on their disks, and our gardens are delight that charming girls are playing between their flowers. Our palm trees give all their sweet date for our girls' hands and our buckthorn trees give all their full seed to our girls' labs.

I Love Rain

I like rain because it is a portrayal of love. Its face is wet, but warm and its hand is shivery but kind. It comes at morning as a big smile with strange passion and at evening, it comes like an old tale hugs the small leaves. When we get lost in the rainy moments, we find a breeze embracing our bare souls. I can't imagine how it will be miserable, if I can't see rain drops' dancing.

Let Me Fade in You

How wonderful to melt in the sea like salt and fade in the air like a shadow for no other reason than to say that I love you. Yes, it's a long yearning, so open your heart and let me fade in you. Just touch me; I'm close to you, so close, so I cannot see you. Is there any need to see you while we are one? I feel you strongly, just see how I completely fade in you and how I feel happy because I melt in you for no other reason than to tell you that I love you. Let your voice shake my leaves to fly as a butterfly, and let your deep perfume caress my heart because I want to live in you, and end in you, so I do not need to see you.

AT YOUR HOME

You at home find your soul and meet it; talk to it. Sometimes you slap it hard and sometimes you kiss it violently. When you want to go home always there is a vehicle. Vehicles that go home do not run out. There is always a bright green line for your home. When you move away from it, your body becomes less bright, becomes dull then you want to rise as if you are coming back from death; as if you are returning from a stumbling spirit, but the return vehicle is always moving and ready and not stumbling. No one can stop you, because the light of your home is stronger than the darkness; stronger than the alienation, and more importantly, the return vehicle is always ready and always smiling. It is your light from your bright green home. Imagine how wild you are on a dark pavement in a hard winter night. The land is not bad, it's a house, but it wants you not to be too dark and call your soul to return quickly and not to stay on the dark streets; the gloomy streets. Your soul is a small and distinctive house but it wants to sit near the window with a cup of coffee on a warm bed. To sit with your body under the light; the bright light at your home.

Let's Celebrate Love

The sun touches our window every morning coming from distant love. The sun of love is old, but our love is new and young. It is attractive. Very attractive, I feel it, I see it, I believe in it; It is a new love, a beautiful love so the sun that rises from our love is not yellow, but white and its cheeks are not pale but rosary. Her voice is not rough but very musical and soft like the Eastern girl. Love is so charming, amazing and real as western girls. Here, I celebrate love because it is a soft and gentle lake and every wonderful story can be planted in its heart. Let's celebrate love and the new sun.

A FAINT SMILE

Please, call all the remote sand and make for me a brave shadow. Please, come here and see me; I am the sandy man who the winds of the world broke all his windows. Yes, this is me, your shadow and your cheap loss. When the evening wears his clothes and the moon comes with his old hat, you may see my faint smile.

The Skilled Lover

Morning is not warm, but it is lonely and hardly fills the hearts of birds. I am not looking for myself in these wild fields. I am only looking for a tale, a quiet tale from a soft touch. So, I will be back with you after a long struggle towards the very endowed ends because you are a skilled lover. Whoever says that I am not happy with you, I am very happy because I am before you without hope and without a smile. Look at my face; it is without eyes and see in my heart. It is without love. Yes, I am a land without roses and my heart is without love, so I am waiting for you with longing because you are a skilled lover.

Just Be My Love

I am not a wild flower that came after a long journey to write down magical adventures. I just want you to be my love to madly adore you and miss you violently. The summer sun in Iraq is crazy, so just be my love and our sun will wear a blue scarf. Be my love so that our morning will have a different smile, the moon will have a different story, and the summer will have another taste. Just be my love and every night will have a different meaning and every touch have another feeling. Just be my love and you'll see how the celebration starts.

End



أنور غني الموسوي طبيب وشاعر وباحث إسلامي من العراق. ولد عام ١٩٧٣ في بابل. درس في النجف الطب والفقه. مؤلف لأكثر من مائة كتاب وظهر اسمه في عشرات المجالات والمختارات الأدبية العالمية، وحاز على جوائز عدّة ورشح لجائزة البوشكارت. يكتب باللغتين العربية والإنجليزية ويعتمد منهج عرض المعارف على القرآن والسنة في الشريعة.



دار أقواس للنشر الالكتروني